Bra. The worſe welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honeſt plainneſſe, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of ſupper and diſtempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?

Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure
My ſpirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good ſir

Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.

Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerue God, if the Deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to doe you ſeruice, you thinke wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horſe; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue Courſers for Couſens, and Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one ſir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing: But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the groſſe claſpes of a laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and ſawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeue

That

That from the ſenſe of al ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reu
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her
I ſay againe) hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: Straight ſatisfie
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the ſtate,
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already:
Light I ſay, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I muſt leaue you,
It ſeemes not meet, nor wholeſome to my
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore, for I doe know the ſta
(How euer this may gaule him with ſome
Cannot with ſafety caſt him, for hee's imb
With ſuch loud reaſon, to the Cipres war
(Which euen now ſtands in act) that for t
Another of his fathome, they haue none
To lead their buſineſſe, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag, and ſigne of loue,
Which is indeed but ſigne, that you ſhall
Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed ſearch,
And there will I be with him. So farewell

Enter Brabantio *in his night gown with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone ſhe i
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſſe now *Roderigo*,